

A SCHOOL DAY.

Polly's gone to school to-day;
That is why the house is still—
Carried smiles and chatter gay
To the schoolhouse on the hill.
Everything is prim and neat;
No need now to scold or frown;
Yet I long for little hands
Scattering playthings up and down.

Noah's ark is stranded safe
High upon a sand hill's crest,
And the animals are all
Taking a much-needed rest;
In their places sit the dolls,
On each face a painted smile
As they wonder why "Mamma"
Leaves them such a long, long while.

Mother Goose is on the shelf,
Johnny Warner and Bopeep;
The china dog upon the rug
Has long since fallen fast asleep.
Slow the sun creeps down the west;
Slow the coming of the night;
What a pity baby girls
Need must learn to read and write!

When my darling comes from school
With her little stock of lore
Shall I chide her childish ways
As I've often done before?
In the stillness I have conned
O'er and o'er love's golden rule;
Dreamed of life in love's eclipse;
Thus I, too, have been to school.
—Mary F. Butts, in Good Housekeeping.

TWICE A WINNER

By LELIA KENNEDY HUTCHINS
(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

CHAPTER I.

"IT'S the last throw, Jean; why have a paltry 20 from the wreck?"
"Better pocket it, Paul, old man; may want an absinthe before morning."

"Aut absinthe, aut nihil," was the sinister retort. "I'll take the chance." He touched the note to his lips in token of farewell, and placed it on the red. The red lost.

The flashing lamp of the Deschanel club has been a fatal lode-star to many a youth whom the common gambling den could not scathe. To scores of the young aristocracy of New Orleans it has been the starting point to a certain goal.

Sunlight, through the glass of a richly studded rotunda, traces delicate patterns upon deep-piled rugs. Tapestries and hangings, the envy of eastern princes, deaden all sounds. Carefully shaded lamps soften outlines and remove the traces which one man hates to see in the face of another. From the walls gems of recent salons tempt the gambler an instant from his play. The exquisite in art is a brief sedative to ragged nerves. Music from a hidden orchestra lessens the tension, unseen, always felt, wherever there is play. Attendants, silent, impassive, alert, glide from room to room, where nothing risks, much less, disgraceful, ever happens. From dome to carpet nothing offends the sense of the most acute of the Latin-Gallic race. And yet, by reason of its name, the discretion of its habitués and the cleverness of its management, this fool's paradise, known to every police precinct of New Orleans, has thus far eluded the vigilance of the law. The plan of the place sprang full-grown from a woman's brain. By no means its least attraction lies in the constant presence of this woman with an imperturbable past. When the club opened a rumor winged abroad that Mme. Deschanel was the widow of Gen. Felix Deschanel, who fell in the campaign of Maximilian in Mexico. Of bouquets and plunder, it was whispered that this brilliant general had reaped a golden harvest, with which his widow had founded the Deschanel club. What men knew was that Mme. Deschanel, president, secretary and hostess, ruled her small domain with perfect justice and exquisite tact. More would have been unnecessary, if not superfluous.

Paul de Lignac and Jean Baronne turned from the roulette table, where de Lignac had courted disaster by forcing his luck to the limit.

"Where now, Jean?"
Baronne sent a side glance to his friend, whom his mind flashed a decision not to leave before the morning.

"Where?" he repeated, glancing carelessly at the clock.

"There's a well-browned capon awaiting your verdict at my quarters and a glass of red Burgundy is the best lens I know for studying a situation."

"A thousand thanks, Jean—but—hang it all, I don't want to see anybody!"

"See anybody!" exclaimed Baronne. "Have you forsaken your final senses? Do you think a bachelor keeps a body of female relatives stowed away in his apartments? My valet is there, but the stream of our combined woes at the flood would not weaken the barrier of his reserve."

"The Levee is more to my mood,"
"Too crowded for a patrician."
"Or a few drops of prussic in a cordial."

"Something quite original in melodrama. Ha! ha!" Baronne forced a laugh which did him credit.

"You've turned egotist, my dear fellow. Do you fancy that you are the first man in this little Paris to lose a year's income between lunch and dinner? Besides, is the fire more tempting than the frying-pan?"

To De Lignac's inquiring look, he added: "This may be the Inferno, my friend. I presume upon poetic license to suggest that you might find an even worse place."

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life * * * is a paradise to what we fear of death!" Shakespeare's coat was buttoned when he said that."

"Your levity grates you, Jean. It is this enigma to your good heart shine through. But have a look at figures—no 'poetic license' about them. Not a cent in my pockets. The indulgence of family and generosity

of friends alike, strained to the snapping point. Eight months to the next allowance."

His metallic voice bit off the sentences.

"May I point a problem to tax ever your clever brain?"

"A plague on problems! I have solved worse. But, for the moment, why look beyond a good dinner? No problem there, surely. Come."

After a moment's resistance to the hand upon his shoulder, the two men left the club and crossed Lafayette square.

CHAPTER II.

At half after seven, the bell on the secretary's desk at the club jingled. Mme. Deschanel raised the telephone receiver.

A voice said: "De L. came home with me to-night, after losing everything this afternoon. His mood was so black that I dared not leave him. I urged him to rest before dinner. When he seemed to be asleep, I left the room for a moment. He has shot himself. What is to be done?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mme. Deschanel, is that you, Baronne?"

"Yes."
"I'll be there in ten minutes."

Scandal, exposure, ruin chased through her brain as Mme. Deschanel threw herself into the first of the long line of hansoms stretching away from the door. She gasped an address, promising triple fare for haste.

Ten minutes later Baronne, in person, admitted her to his apartments. Without a word they entered a bedroom. The large room was dimly lighted. A single candle burned on the mantel. The furtive glance of the excited woman, as by instinct, sought the canopied bed on the opposite side of the room.

There lay De Lignac, deadly white. He was still fully dressed. An outstretched arm hung over the side of the bed. Beneath it, on the floor, lay the revolver, just as it had fallen from his hand. The single glance read the situation.

"Horrible!" "Horrible!" muttered Mme. Deschanel. The pent panic sought outlet. "A white-livered fool like him should stay at home with his mother! Coward! Execrable—why—if one word of this escapes, my place is ruined. The pleasure of hundreds sacrificed to a child!"

She turned fiercely upon Baronne.

"How much did he lose?"

"His annual allowance," answered Baronne. A slight tremor touched his voice. "And some hundreds, borrowed from friends who chanced to be at the club this afternoon."

"H'm! as bad as that?" said Mme. Deschanel in a quieter tone.

"It's a nasty mess at best."

A sudden idea reached her.

"Does anyone else know of this?"

"No; my valet, the only person in the place, happened to be in the wine cellar at the moment."

"Good! Very good!" The furrows in the woman's brow smoothed perceptibly. The cool, keen gambler succeeded to the hysterical bundle of emotions.

"Now, then," she said, curtly. "I rely upon you, Baronne, as a man of honor and a gentleman, not to betray the secret. Shortly after I leave, you will follow and not return until to-morrow, when you will discover him."

A cloud shadowed her brow as she detected a possible flaw in her plan.

"Your valet—does he enter this room?"

"Never, without summons," came the laconic reply.

"To-morrow, you will discover the sad affair. You understand?"

"Yes, but—"

"I'll put these notes in his pocket." Mme. Deschanel shivered slightly as she tucked a roll of bank notes into the waistcoat pocket of the dead man. The devil even dares not cross the chalk line drawn by Death. Then she hurried from the room.

"There," she added, at the door, "want of money could not possibly have been the motive of the suicide."

A quiet, self-complacent smile relieved the haggard look of her face. The thought that she had saved the house of Deschanel cheered her more leisurely drive back to the club.

CHAPTER III.

At midnight the life of the Deschanel club is at its height. Men, flushed with champagne, lounge indifferently upon divans, sit doggedly at one table or stride feverishly from room to room, trying a hand at baccarat, roulette or other games.

The pale drink makes many kinds of men. But one thought rules them. Whether by indifference, persistence or vacillation, the genius of the hour and place must be served.

Wheeled, if possible, bullied, if necessary, now the one, again the other tactic wins from Fortune, fleeting favor for her devotees.

Shortly after midnight the outer door opened and swung to. A young man, carefully dressed and with the appearance of having dined leisurely and well, entered. He approached the roulette table and carelessly tossed a hundred dollar bill on the red. The red won.

Mme. Deschanel, standing near, chatting with a group of animated men, lifted her eyes to the victorious player. In her most courteous and imperious manner she said:

"Ah! my compliments to Mr. de Lignac; twice a winner."

English Railway Map.

A remarkable contrast to the map of precious stones which lately astonished Paris is the railway map on tiles put at York station by an English company. It is made of white tiles, the lines being marked in black and burnt sienna. It is about six feet square, and each tile is eight inches square. The company intends to have similar maps at all important stations on its system.

A GLOWING REPORT.

An Indiana Man Compares Western Canada with the United States—What Mr. Frank Fisher, a Prominent Dunkard, Has to Say After a Trip Through Canada.

The Department of the Interior at Ottawa has just received from Mr. E. T. Holmes, the Agent of the Government stationed at Indianapolis, Indiana, the following letter, which requires no comment. It is only necessary to state that Mr. F. Fisher, the writer of the letter, is one of the most prominent of the Dunkards and a man upon whose word the utmost reliance can be placed. His home is at Mexico, Indiana, and he will be pleased to substantiate verbally or in any other way all that he says in his letter.

Anyone desiring information apply to nearest Canadian Agent, whose addresses are here given:

M. V. McJannet, 2 Avenue Theater Block, Detroit, Mich.
James Grieve, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
J. S. Crawford, 214 West Ninth street, Kansas City, Mo.

Benjamin Davies, 154½ East Third street, St. Paul, Minn.
T. O. Currie, Room 12, B. Callahan's block, 203 Grand avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
C. J. Broughton, 927 Monadnock building, Chicago, Ill.

W. Bennett, 901 New York Life building, Omaha, Neb.
W. H. Rogers, Watertown, S. D.
N. Bartholomew, 308 Fifth street, Des Moines, Ia.

J. H. M. Parker, 530 Chamber of Commerce, Duluth, Minn.
E. T. Holmes, Room 6, Big Four building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Joseph Young, 51½ State street, Columbus, O.

To my many friends:
I am pleased to make a report to you of the pleasant visit my wife and I had in Western Canada.

We visited the territories of Alberta, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan, and found them far surpassing our imagination, but little did I expect to find such rich, loamy soil, so much of it, and so uniform in its level prairie lay. I do think the soil of Canada as a rule equals if not exceeds the finest prairie farm lands of Indiana. These lands are immense in their richness, and when once the soil is rotted and pulverized, it is as pliable and as easily cultivated as Indiana sandy soil.

Western Canada, from my point of view, offers as fine opportunities for mixed farming as any place in my knowledge. The long, sunny days, together with the rich soil, produce very fine wheat, oats, barley, flax and other cereal products. There is scarcely any attempt to raise corn, except early varieties for table use. The season is too short to depend upon maturing field corn. From the standpoint of getting this land ready for the plow, I must say that I never saw such a vast extent, practically all ready, so all that one has to do is to hitch up the plow and go to work. This is not the case with all the Canadian land, however; some of it has quite a bit of timber, much of it may be called brush land, and some of it has lovely forest groves, dotted here and there, thereby covering a hundred and sixty acres.

I have no doubt but that this country excels as a grazing or ranching country, because they have such rich grass, having an abundance of rain to keep it fresh. They also have plenty of water streams, and as a rule water may be reached at a depth of from 20 to 40 feet. From this you see there can be plenty of hay mown for winter feeding, and I have had reliable farmers to tell me that their stock will feed on hay alone, and be ready for market in the spring. Upon inquiring about the expense of raising a steer, a farmer replied that he did not consider it would cost any more than \$4.00 or \$6.00 to develop a three-year-old steer.

I truly think Canada offers a fine opening for a young man or a man who is renting land in Indiana. One hundred and sixty acres of good black land will cost you only \$10.00 at the time you enter it, and by plowing and cultivating five acres each year for three years, gives you one hundred and sixty acres of good land for \$10.00. This land can be bought from the Railroad Companies, private corporations or the Government for \$3.00 to \$4.00 per acre.

From a financial standpoint, I believe that for a series of years (five), a young man can make \$10.00 in Canada, whereas he would only make \$1.00 here, and I feel sure that I spent more money to get my eighty acre farm in White County, Indiana, cultivated, than it would cost me to cultivate eight hundred acres in Canada. This may seem a strong view to take of the matter, but when you take into consideration the clearing, ditching, fencing and the expensive breaking in of the stumps, and then compare the expense to that of land needing only the breaking, you will conclude that it is not such a wild or exaggerated statement as you might at first think.

I enjoyed the balmy, breezy atmosphere, which was bracing and refreshing, and the cool nights which made it so pleasant for sleep.

On making inquiries regarding the winters in this country I learned that the people never suffer from the cold, as the weather is dry and invigorating, and in a great many places, farmers and herders allow their stock to run outside the year round.

One great advantage to the settlers in Western Canada is the free creameries established by the Government, and run exclusively in the interest of the farmer.

I visited Thomas Daley, a farmer near Edmonton, Alberta, who showed me oats he had raised, some of which took the first prize at the Paris Exposition last year. The same yield of 110 bushels to the acre in 1899.

Yours truly,
FRANK FISHER.

Mexico, Ind.

John's Opinion.

Mrs. Howes—For mercy's sake, John, what have you been doing in the back yard all the evening?
Mr. Howes—You see, dear, it was so much more interesting to hear what the servants said about you and your mother than to listen to what you and your mother had to say about the servants that I stood a good deal longer than I meant to.—Boston Transcript.

Elements of Greatness.

It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier. "And what are those, papa?" the son asked. "Honesty and sagacity." "But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?" "Always to keep your word." "And the mark of sagacity?" "Never to give your word."—Chicago Chronicle.

In a Class All Alone.

He—What kind of a woman is that beautiful Mrs. Swift?
She—Well, with one exception, she makes every man she meets sorry that he isn't her husband.
And the one exception?
Oh, he's sorry that he is.—Chicago Daily News.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smarting, Sore and Sore Feet. It keeps the feet cool and dry. Swelling Feet. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fashion's New Fad.

"What is the nature of this new-fangled malady which they call the 'golfing spine'?" "That," responded Cynicus, "is easy. 'Golfing spine' is what the old man used to have after a hard day's plowing, but he called it the backache."—N. Y. Times.

Clubb—"My wife's going around with a chip on her shoulder to-day." Chubb—"That so?" Clubb—"Yes; she found one in my pocket this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

"Yes, he cracked a joke." "Well?" "And he was nothing in it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hoisie's Croup Cure

The life saver of children. No opium. 50 cts.

Some remarks would be more remarkable if left unmade.—Chicago Daily News.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Love poems should always be bound in calf.—Chicago Daily News.

MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, Sept. 11.

CATTLE—Common .. 2 40 @ 3 50
Extra butchers .. 4 65 @ 5 00
CALVES—Extra .. 6 00 @ 6 25
HOGS—Select shippers .. 6 55 @ 6 90
Mixed packers .. 6 50 @ 6 80

SHEEP—Extra .. 3 10 @ 3 25
LAMS—Extra .. 4 40 @ 4 50
FLOUR—Spring pat .. 3 60 @ 3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 mixed .. 71 @ 72
CORN—No. 2 .. 54 @ 57½
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 36 @ 36
RYE—No. 2 .. 36 @ 36
HAY—Ch. timothy .. 13 50 @ 13 50
PORK—Family .. 12 @ 12
LARD—Steam .. 9 15 @ 9 15
BUTTER—Ch. dairy .. 22 @ 22
Choice creamery .. 22 @ 22
APPLES—Per bbl .. 1 50 @ 2 00
POTATOES .. 3 00 @ 3 25
Sweet Potatoes .. 2 35 @ 2 50
TOBACCO—New .. 8 05 @ 9 85
Old .. 11 25 @ 13 00

Chicago.
FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 40 @ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 70 @ 70½
No. 3 spring .. 67½ @ 68
CORN—No. 2 .. 34½ @ 35½
OATS—No. 2 .. 33½ @ 34½
RYE—No. 2 .. 55 @ 55½
PORK—Mess .. 14 70 @ 14 75
LARD—Steam .. 9 35 @ 9 40

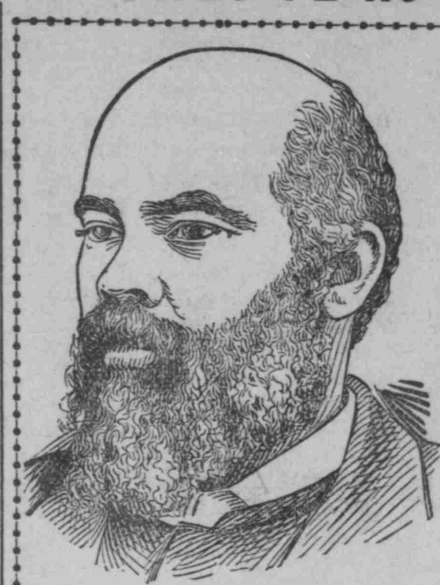
New York.
FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 60 @ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 75 @ 75½
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 61½ @ 61½
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 38 @ 38
RYE—Western .. 60½ @ 60½
PORK—Family .. 16 75 @ 17 00
LARD—Steam .. 9 72 @ 9 75

Baltimore.
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 73½ @ 73½
Southern .. 60 @ 74½
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 61 @ 61½
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 37½ @ 38
CATTLE—Butchers .. 5 00 @ 5 25
HOGS—Western .. 6 75 @ 6 80

Louisville.
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 71 @ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 59 @ 59
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 37½ @ 37½
PORK—Mess .. 15 00 @ 15 00
LARD—Steam .. 9 25 @ 9 25

Indianapolis.
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 70½ @ 70½
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 55½ @ 55½
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 55½ @ 55½

A METHODIST BISHOP GIVES PE-RU-NA GREAT CREDIT.



BISHOP GRANT, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Bishop A. Grant, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes the following letter:

Indianapolis, Indiana,
3349 N. Pennsylvania Street.

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:
Gentlemen—"I have been using Peruna for catarrh and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone who wants a good medicine."—A. Grant.

Prominent members of the clergy are giving Peruna their unqualified endorsement. These men find Peruna especially adapted to preserve them from catarrh of the vocal organs which has always been the bane of public speakers, and general catarrhal debility incident to the sedentary life of the clergyman. Among the recent utterances of noted clergymen on the curative virtues of Peruna is the above one from Bishop Grant.

Writes His Recommendation for the Famous Catarrh Remedy, Pe-ru-na.

The day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials to proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true to-day of most proprietary medicines. But Peruna has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many people of high and low station that none hesitates to see his name in print recommending Peruna.

The following letters from pastors who use Peruna speak for themselves:
Rev. E. G. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of Greensboro, Ga., writes:

"My little boy had been suffering for some time with catarrh of the lower bowels. Other remedies had failed, but after taking two bottles of Peruna the trouble almost entirely disappeared. For this special malady I consider it well nigh a specific."—Rev. E. G. Smith.

Rev. A. S. Vaughn, Eureka Springs, Ark., says: "I had been prostrated by congestive chills and was almost dead; as soon as able to be about, I commenced the use of Peruna. I took five bottles; my strength returned rapidly and I am now enjoying my usual health."—Rev. A. S. Vaughn.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

outshoot all other black powder shells, because they are made better and loaded by exact machinery with the standard brands of powder, shot and wadding. Try them and you will be convinced.

ALL + REPUTABLE + DEALERS + KEEP + THEM

LIBBY'S

Mince Meat.

In our mammoth kitchen we employ a chef who is an expert in making mince pies. He has charge of making all of Libby's Mince Meat. He uses the very choicest materials. He is told to make the best Mince Meat ever sold—and he does. Get a package at your grocer's; enough for two large pies. You'll never use another kind again.

Libby's Atlas of the World, with 32 new maps, size 8x11 inches, sent anywhere for 10 cts. in stamps. Our Booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," mailed free.

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
CHICAGO.

RAG DOLLS

To any little girl who will send us 10 cents, together with the names and addresses of (3) little friends, we will send, postpaid, one of our CRY BABY DOLLS.

ART FABRIC MILLS.
Department C. C.
40 White Street,
NEW YORK.

STARK TREES best by Test—77 YEARS LARGEST NURSERY.
FRUIT BOOK free. We CASH WAST MORE SALARIES PAY Weekly.
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Danville, N. Y.; Etc.

OPIUM WHISKY and other drug habits cured. We want the worst cases. Book and references FREE. Dr. R. M. WOOLLEY, Box 3, Atlantic, Ga.

PENSIONS on age, disability and widowhood; P. I. OR any U. S. Service. LAWS FREE. L. W. McROBERT & SONS, Cincinnati, O.; Washington, D. C.

IN WET WEATHER A WISE MAN WEARS TOWER'S

FISH BRAND

OILED WATERPROOF CLOTHING

WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. CATALOGUES FREE. GROWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 46

LIVE STOCK CUTS.

We will furnish duplicates of LIVE STOCK CUTS or any other CUT shown in any specimen Book, at or below quoted prices for same.

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.
335 West 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR. REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE CINCINNATI College of Dental Surgery.

Small Classes. Large Clinics. Catalogues for session opening Oct. 1, 1901, on application. G. S. JUNKERMAN, M. D., D. D. S., Dean, 231 West Court Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

1898. Chartered 1901. L. OUST DALE ACADEMY. Ideal school for boys. Apply for Catalogue. N. W. Rogers, Pres., Leontine Dale, Va.

A. N. K.—E 1882

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A CASE OF BAD BOWELS

Are you happy? Not if your liver and bowels don't work. Happiness depends on the bowels. Every time you eat, you put into your body not only good material for repairs and fuel, but a mass of useless stuff that has to be removed promptly or it will clog your machinery, poison your blood, throw your liver out of gear, and make you act mean to those you love. Your stomach is sour, your skin yellow, your breath offensive, and you hate yourself and all mankind. Winter or summer it's all the same, when you are unclean inside, you are unhappy and so is everybody near you. The cure is pleasant, quick, easy, cheap, never fails. Cascarets, the world's greatest bowel cleaner and liver tonic. Cascarets are guaranteed to cure const